

3
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POSTSCRIPT

TO

JOHN BULL,

Containing the HISTORY of the

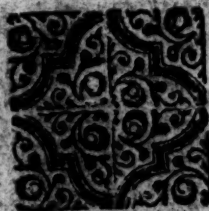
Crown-Inn,

With the DEATH of the

WIDOW,

And what happened
thereon.

The Third Edition.



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the Booksellers of London and Westminster.

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the Bookellers, in St. Paul's Church-yard.
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THE HISTORY, &c.



YOU desire me to give you some Account of the Death of the *Widow* at the *CROWN-INN* in the *Metropolis* of this Country; and how Affairs have gone since you left the Place.

The *Widow*, you know, was a good sort of a Woman; she was pious and charitable, and did a great deal of Good among her poor Neighbours: Went constantly to the Parish-Church on *Sundays*, and in General had the Character of a conscientious motherly Woman.

Her Husband, whilst he lived, was one of the honestest Men breathing: 'Tis true he would take his Glass in Company, as all his Countrymen will do: But he was a downright honest Fellow, and lov'd the Town; and we shall never forget how tightly he stood by us when Sir *Jacob*, our High Sheriff, would have infring'd on our *Right of Commoning*. Poor Man! he kept her from ill Advice whilst

47

he lived, and the whole Country was heartily sorry for his Death. having not left an honest Man behind him in the *Parish*.

But what need I tell you things which you are as well acquainted with as my self, only to refresh your Memory in some *Passages* previous to your Request? You desire to know the Disposition of the Estate, and how the *Three Farms* stand affected at this Day.

You remember at her first coming to the House, she found the Debts of an old *Law-Suit* to be paid, which had lasted long, and a new one just ready to begin, which no body could guess the Event of. Money there was little or none in the House; and only a few *Exchequer* Notes, which no body but the *Exciseman* would take for Ready Money.

Her *Tenants* and *Customers* were very unwilling to see her ruined; and as she had treated them very handsomely at her *House-warming*, they swore they would stand by her against all Opposers. By Opposers you know who they meant: For it was by this time certainly known, that old *Savage*, the Extortioner, had set up a *Competitor* against her, Pretending he was a real Branch of the ancient Family of the *Shute's*, formerly Lords of the *MANOR*, and brought a Writ of Ejectment in his Name, and set'd Council against the Widow. This *Savage* is one who has always made it his business to entertain Renegadoes and Impostors; and by forged Deeds and Wills to take Possession of Estates, and

and then maintain them by troublesome Law-Suits; till at last he has shared a handsome Composition for himself. You cannot chuse too but know, that both by *Will* and *Deed* of *Gift*, the House it self as well as the *Three Farms* had been settled on her near *Kinsman* Mr. WRIGHT, (a Man whom all the honest *Tenants* wished to succeed her) as well in her *Life*, as in the time of her *Predecessor*.

To be short (as you must needs know) a hazardous *Suit* commenced; and because it should not lye too hard upon the *Widow*, many of her *Friends* became *Parties* to it. Honest *John Trusty*, by general Consent was made chief *Agent* in the *Cause*, who the first *Term* put the *Widow's Affairs* in a good *Posture*; and for several *Terms* following was continually gaining one *Advantage* or other over her *Adversaries*; so that they began now to sue for *Composition*, and a *Meeting* was appointed on both *sides*; but refusing to allow sufficient *Costs* and *Damages*, the *Law* went on.

In this promising *State* stood *Affairs*, when that furious *Pulpiteer*, the *Curate* of *High-Ham*, came to preach at *Hockley*, where having pack'd up a *Sermon* for the purpose, he infus'd *Sedition* among the *Widow's Tenants* and *Customers*, insinuating, that she began to sell in short *Measure*, Brew'd with *Home-made Malt*, and let her *Lawyers*, *Bookkeepers*, *Officers*, *Chamberlain*, *Tapster*, &c. run away with what should pay the *Excise*, and be in-
veighed

veighed vehemently against the *Parson of the Parish*, and other *Heads* of the Town, for not repairing the CHURCH, one part of which he said was *damaged* and ready to *fall*; whilst the *Conventicle* was upheld by some about her, and a Parcel of *GRIPSIES* kept privately in the *Barn* to eat her out of House and Home.

The Fellow had a good Talent at Railing, and could run on with as much Impudence as a Mountebank exhibits his Pacquet: In short the Poison worked so subtly, that the whole Country was put in a Ferment. The Curate was taken up, and brought before the *Bench of Justices*; where tho' he was reprimanded, and ordered to find Sureties for his *Good Behaviour* for 3 Years, yet it did not quiet the People, who cry'd out, *The Church, the Church!* and ran up and down in Tumults, as tho' it had been falling on their Heads; whilst to strengthen the matter, the Curate took a *Journey* round the Country, possessing the People that the *House* was haunted, and bid them take care how they came near it any more, directing them to the *Pope's head and Dagger*, near the *Cross*.

At this time one *Robin Sly-boots*, a *Welch Button-maker*, a notorious cunning Fellow, and fam'd for a *Conjurer*, who had formerly belonged to the Family, but was turned out, for making too bold with the *Widow's* Secrets. This Fellow took his Opportunity to corrupt one of the *Widow's* Maids, by pretending

to tell her her Fortune, which such gigling Wenches are generally fond of; so that taking her one Day, as she was sweeping the Rooms, and making the Beds, he began in this manner.

“ *Nab*, says he, I have often taken notice
 “ that thou art a Pains-taking, industrious
 “ Girl, and hast lived a great while in thy
 “ Service without coming to any Advance-
 “ ment. ’Tis true, you sweep the Rooms,
 “ make the Beds, and get a little sorry
 “ Vails of the *Guests*, but ’tis *Mrs. Sarah*
 “ runs away with all the Profit, and keeps
 “ her whole Family at your Mistresses charge.
 “ But tho’ she now flouts the *Widow*, and
 “ flies and bounces like bottled Ale, thou
 “ shalt one day, if thou tak’st my Advice,
 “ come to be as high as she: Remember it,
 “ *Nab*, I say, thou shalt come to be a Lady.

“ Bless me, says *Nab*, (with a simpering
 “ Countenance, knowing he had long had the
 “ Reputation of a Conjurer) is it possible
 “ that I should come to such Preferment as
 “ you say? That you may believe me, says
 “ *Robin*, go presently, and look on the Bed
 “ in the *Green Room*, there lies a *Calicoe Gown*
 “ and *Peticoat*, lin’d thro’ with the same;
 “ ask your Mistress for it, and she will give
 “ it you. As you find this true, believe me
 “ in the rest.

Nab, no longer able to contain her self
 flung down her Besom, and ran to the place,
 where finding it as he had said, she returned
 overjoyed.

“ But,

“ But, Mr. *Slyboots*, says *Nab*, how is
 “ this thing to be effected? I’ll tell you, says
 “ *Robin*, — At Midnight, when all things
 “ are quiet, you shall plant me in some Cor-
 “ ner; and for the greater Solemnity I will
 “ have my *Conjurers Gown* on. You must on
 “ your part infuse strange things into her
 “ Head, and tell her as many *Tales* as you can
 “ of the Servants. Then bring in some talk
 “ of the *Curate*; tell her what a good Man he
 “ is, and that he had always a great Respect
 “ for her; insinuate that the Design of bring-
 “ ing him before the *Bench of Justices* was
 “ to disgrace the *Church*, and that those who
 “ were his Friends, she may assure her self
 “ are hers; and whilst she is musing on these
 “ things, for I know it will work on her Re-
 “ ligious Spirit, I will appear, and then leave
 “ the rest to me.

Nab, in the mean time, had got the *Gown*
 and *Peticoat* which *Robin* spoke of, and was
 pretty sure the rest of his *Predictions* would
 follow. In fine, the *Widow* was so possessed
 and deluded by *Nab*’s whining, and this *Con-
 juring* Rascal’s Cant, that, tho’ otherwise a
 Woman of Sense, she grew perfectly inflam’d,
 so that without examining farther into the
 matter, giving Ear to *Nab*’s *Tales*, she pre-
 sently began to reform her Family; and a
 great many of the honestest *Tenants* had war-
 ning given them against the next Quarter-
 day. However the *Law-Suit* continuing,
 they did not yet think fit to turn out *Honest*

John

John the Agent, because the taking the *Papers* out of his hands might be dangerous to the *CAUSE*.

Among the rest, to make room for *Robin*, *Ralph the Cash-keeper* was dismissed, a downright honest Fellow, and had held his Place long with great Integrity, tho' many of her best *Customers* told her they would leave the House, and stand by her no longer, if she took these Courses. But all did not avail; every thing went as *Robin* advised; in fine, she turn'd away all her old honest Servants, dissolved the *Club* that was kept at her House, and none were held in favour, but such as had appeared to be Friends to the *Curate*, or were *Robin's* Creatures. *Robin* was first made *Book-keeper* and *Under-Cash-keeper*, and after *Head Cash-keeper*, which was what he all along aimed at. He grew angry now at being called plain *Robin*, and nothing would go down but *Mr. Slyboots* at every word. He changed his Sign, which was before the *three Button-moles*, and hung up in the room of it the *Star and Garter* finely painted, and had *Vanity* and *Impudence* enough to take the two *Angels* for *Supporters* to his *Sign-Post*. All that he said or did, if it may bear an old Pun, was *Bob as a Robin*; he brought in all his Friends, Fellows as poor as *Howlets*, to rule the Roast, and fill their hungry Bellies at the *Widow's Table*; such an avaritious Crew as were hardly worth hanging; a Medley of *Welsh Crate-Carriers*, *Pedlars*, *Retailers of Hob-nails*, *Brick-*
B
dust,

dust, &c. and among the rest advanced *Harry Aucumy*, the Brazier, an audacious, lewd young Fellow, to be one of the *Clerks of the Brew-house*. This was a docible young Dog for *Robin's* Purpose, and by a pert way of speaking in the *Club*, dextrously advanc'd the Reputation of *Robin's* Proceedings. In short, all went swimmingly in the *INN* for a Year or two, and the Rogues with thriving Faces, caressed one another in their Iniquity.

But they found the *Law-Suit* began to hang heavy on their Hands ; they had not the same Credit that the former Servants had to borrow Money, and they had none of their own to lend : The *Rino* was wanted to pay Fees, and the *Tenants* were very backward to advance more ; so that finding they were like to bring an old House upon their heads if they went on, they were resolved at any rate to come to an Accomodation ; and *Harry Aucumy* was sent privately to old *Savage's* House to treat about it, tho' they had still told the *Tenants* it should be push'd on *vigorously* next Term, and constantly got Money out of them for that purpose.

Thinking their Business was now done, they put honest *John Trusty* out of the Agency, and like a Parcel of ungrateful Curs, set their Black Guard to pelt him ; but the honest People of the Town could not forbear expressing their Love in respect to his upright and judicious dealing, by welcoming him Home with loud Acclamations, which fretted the Rogues to the Plucks

Plucks to see him so careffed, by whose good *Management* the *Cause* had been brought to that Issue, that *Judgement* was order'd to be enter'd up, and *Execution* would certainly have followed the very next *Term*. It will be tedious to relate all the intricate Passages of the Law, and how the Widow's Friends resolv'd to carry the Cause on without her, but that *Robin* had ordered the new *Agent Jacob Rusb* to stifle many of the chief Witnesses, by which the Adversary's Attorney found means to stop Judgement.

To amuse the *Tenants*, who they knew would be alarm'd at this Proceeding it was given out, that the *Widow's Friends* had not paid their share of the *Law-Charges*, but that all the *Burden* had lain upon her, which had run her grievously in Debt, and that she was in a manner forc'd to a Composition, and had Offers now of a very good one, much to the Advantage of her self and her *Friends*. This took with the silly People, and in spite of all the Intreaties of her honest *Tenants*, an Agreement soon followed, which however had taken up more time and Money to effect, than would have decided it at *Common-Law*.

'Tis true we burnt our Faggot-stacks, set the Bells a ringing, and illumined our Windows, but we soon experienc'd, that Humiliation would have become us better. The House lost its Trade, and no body in Town almost had any thing to do. People began to see into this, when it was too late, and no Remedy

could be found to help them. Our *old Friends* exclaimed against us, as a treacherous and base sort of People, and shunn'd the Town, and our new ones apparently slighted us, tho' we had done them such signal Service : Nor could we so much as obtain to have the *Quarter-Sessions* kept here, tho' our Credit before used to draw every Body to us.

They began to cavil now at the *Widow's* Will in favour of Mr. WRIGHT, and tho' they durst not openly declare themselves, yet 'tis known they were endeavouring to inveigle the People into an Opinion of young *Shute's* Title, and dispers'd *Papers* to prove it, nor did they use Mr. WRIGHT as tho' they ever expected he would come to the Estate. All we could do was to wish them hang'd before they should bring it to pass ; for you must know we hate the young Fellow heartily : His Father Sir *Jacob* (if he was honestly begot) used us horribly, quarter'd Soldiers upon us, threaten'd our *Charter*, and play'd the Devil for God's sake thro' the whole Country till we were fain to send him packing ; and 'tis very well known the young Rogue will never forgive us for't.

The *Widow* being to send one to old *Savage's* to adjust Accounts on the Accomodation, who should these *Achitophels* advise her to but *Jacob Booty*, a notorious Friend to the Family of the *Shute's*. This put us in such a Fright that we were ready to offer a Leg or Arm, out of every Family for Indemnity : for we supposed
he

he could have no other *Business* but to strike up a Bargain at old *Savage's*; but as it happened we had the good Fortune to see him die in a Ditch before he set out, and save the H ——— n a labour, whose Occupation, said, he had merited a few Years before by endeavouring to give the *Young Gentleman* Possession of the *North Farm*, with design to burn and plunder it, if he could not hold it by Law.

In short every day produced fresh Instances of our Misfortunes and of the Villanies of those who had betrayed us: Old *Savage*, who before we had reduced to be as poor as a *Church Mouse*, so that he lay even at our Mercy, began to bully us again, reserving many of the Conditions of the Agreement unexecuted. He demolished a *Turn-pike* upon the River, which had been a great Annoyance to our Trade, but fallaciously erected another a little nearer home, and eluded the chief Article of the *Accommodation*; he promised to dismiss young *Shute* out of his Family, and with a mental Reservation only sent him to board with one of his Tenants at next door. Moreover he engaged to use his Interest with young *Savage* his Grandson in behalf of some *Poor People* that lay at his Mercy on account of serving the *Widow*, who appear'd under a great concern for them, instead of which like an accomplished *Hypocrite*, he sent his *Mirmidons* and *Bayliffs* to haul them to Execution.

Every

Every thing was acted with the same Candour, and seem'd to be pulling on our Ruin, whilst our *Agents* at home, out of the poorness of Spirit, durst not wag a Tongue or a Finger against him, they lay so open and so exposed by the Rogueries he was privy to. Ah poor *Country*! what could relieve thee but a Miracle? Or what animate thy hopes, but the Interposition of *Providence*, that dear, that eternal Providence, which had rescu'd thee in the like Cases of imminent Danger? Would you believe it, Sir, that these *Desperados* having no other way to shelter themselves, were just entering into a Conspiracy to undermine Mr. WRIGHT's Interest, and carry the Trade to the Pope's head.

It could not be expected that Men associated in Mischief should long agree among themselves, which Maxim 'tis very probable produced the old Proverb; *When R———s and W———s fall out honest Men come by their Goods*. You may apply it as you please; the use I shall make of it is only to tell you that the House began to be divided against itself, and so could not stand long; Robin had now brought up a Bird to pick out his Eyes; his *Pupil Harry* had got the Start of him and jockeyed him out of the *Widow's* Favour. *Harry* took up a resolution to spur at all, *aut Caesar aut nullus*; but Robin, who had always a great Veneration for his Neck, was willing to jog on soberly; *Harry*, out of the Vivacity of his Temper, told him, he was a Fellow of no Spirit,

rit, and that his Cowardice quite baulk'd the Cause: Yes, says *Robin*, (very dryly) but it may be a means of saving your Neck, if you take Example by it, and act with a little more Deliberation and Gravity. This in the end came to an open Rupture, so that one Day above the rest they fell to it Pel-mel before the *Widow*. *Robin* among other things charged him with Ingratitude, and told him, " He " took him up an idle, loose, young Fellow, " stragling about the Town, when he had " hardly nine Pence in his Pocket to go to a " Whore withal ; that he brought him acquainted at the *Widow's*, and put him into " Business he might live handsomely upon, " if he had the Grace to follow it ; but that " it was plain he was as loose as ever, and his " Management would be the Ruin of his Mistress, if he went on as he begun. *Harry* " justly fired at this Language, call'd him *muddy-headed Fellow*, and said, " If it had not " been for him his *Mistress* might have made " a more advantageous *Composition*. *Robin*, in return to that, upbraided him with his hair-brain'd Negotiations, and that he suffer'd himself to be made drunk, and over-reached at old *Savage's*, where, says he, unless your *Interview* with young *Shute* (for which I hope to see you hang'd,) a few fine Congees, and two or three lewd *Intrigues*, the rest was owing to your Companion *Matt. the Tavern-Boy*, who was fain to carry Brains for his Master. *Harry* could hardly contain himself,

self, but with a very cloudy Brow told him, he had neither Brains nor any other Merit to raise him above the Character of a *Trickster*: We know now, says he, why none but *Cousin Tom* could be trusted at Mr. WRIGHT's; but how waft ever a trimming, equivocal Rascal, and wou't so continue.

Sim the Scrivener put in a word on the same side, whom Robin took up very smartly. As for your part, says Robin, did I not raise you from a *Petifogger* to be *what you are*, took you from writing *hackney up and down*, lent you *Money to pay your Debts*, and help'd you to live like a *Man*, and you to conspire against me too: But by Jove, rapping his Knuckles upon the Table, *I'll make you all as poor and beggarly as I found you!* Thou wert always a *Trickster*, replied Sim. *I hated you before, but now I despise you.* Nab too open'd her Quail-pipe at Robin, but what she said is not recorded.

The Widow heard all this with a mixture of Grief and Surprise; but above all she wondered to hear them talk of a better *Composition*, when she had all along been told, *it was a very good one*; she plainly perceived now she had been trick'd, especially by Robin, who she declar'd, *had not told her one word of truth from the beginning*; so that Harry for the present seem'd to carry his Point. Robin was order'd to deliver up his Books, which were soon after given to the *Chamberlain*, one of the honestest Servants in the Family, which partly shewed the Widow's good Disposition;

for

for as he was known to be very well affected to Mr. WRIGHT's Title, it shewed her own Inclination thereto, by pitching on a Person so very acceptable. This rejoic'd People strangely, and the more, because there had passed a current Rumour for some time, that they had been tampering with her to transfer the Estate to young **Shute**, after her Decease, contrary to Law. How true it is, God knows, but it seems they were disappointed. And I can assure you she told some of her Friends, that she had often repented the dismissing her old Servants, who had served her faithfully, and given Content to her Customers; and if it pleased God to grant her Life and Health, she would make a very great *Alteration* in Affairs.

But in short, what thro' the Grief and Fright she had conceived at their unmannerly Behaviour before her, and the Anguish of a former Distemper, it threw the Pain into her Head with such Violence, that it soon put an end to her Life, for which the whole Town shew'd a general Concern, and lamented her as a pious, good, and charitable Woman, whom it may be truly said, *they brought with Sorrow to the Grave.*

Immediately after she expir'd, the *Trustees* took Possession of the *Premises* in Mr. WRIGHT's Name. I cannot describe the infinite Joy on this Occasion, and that wonderful Satisfaction that appeared in People's Countenances: All was acted with that Calmness and Unanimity,

that Cheerfulness and Alacrity, as seemed plainly to prognosticate our future Good: No one was wanting to do his part; nay, even the *Parson of the Parish*, tho' crazy with Age and Infirmities, yet appear'd abroad that Day to countenance Mr. WRIGHT's Title, being one of the *Feoffees in Trust* for him.

Poor *Harry Aucumy*, indeed, appeared under a very deep pressure of mind; not so much for the Loss of the *Widow*, as the sole Power and Grandeur he conceived himself fallen from, and the Inconveniences his past Conduct might bring him into; for he knew in his Conscience he should find it a difficult matter to acquit himself honestly to Mr. WRIGHT. This occasion'd a visible Alteration in his Countenance, and poor *Harry* looked as queer and dejected as one of the Vulgar. He put himself in close *Mourning*, and exploded all Lewdness for nine Days, which you know is the ultimate date of all Wonders, especially with *Harry*. *John Squeamish*, the Head-Tapster, a queer insignificant Fellow of *Bob's* preferring; *Sam. Peticcoat*, the Warehouse-keeper; *Will. Wildfire*, *Harry's* Intimate; *Dick*, the Powder-Monkey, and *Nab*, his Sister, with some others seem to lament with the same Humiliation and Concern the great Vicissitude of Fortune.

We expect our new *Landlord* with the utmost Impatience; and then you shall have a farther Account of what happens; assuring you, that this leaves us under the most promising

Aspect

Aspect of having our Affairs retriev'd again from the languishing Condition the last three Years had thrown them into; and perhaps you never saw a more visible Spirit of Joy than appears at present.

Yours, &c.

P. S. As I divined, poor *Harry* is dismiss'd from his *Clerkship*, by order of Mr. WRIGHT, and a Padlock clapp'd on the *Counting-house*: Just now I learn from a Freind that his Accounts are very confused, and occasion divers Speculations. We are like to have a great Sessions on't next time. *Bob* laughs in his Sleeve.

Adieu,



After of having our Affairs reviewed again
 from the beginning, Condition the last three
 Years and the present state; and perhaps you
 have had a more visible sign of Joy than
 I have.

Yours &c
 John

I am divided, poor Harry is divided
 from his friends, by order of Mr. VIGANT,
 and a black dog on the Convent-house;
 but now I learn from a Friend that his Ac-
 counts are very contented, and occasion divers
 Speculations. We are like to have a great Set-
 tle, one next to the Red House in his



Adieu



